On the Origins of Speech
by Laura D. Weeks

Soil is all language  
Damp, intractable,  
Until the developer comes  
Slashing the tense, fibrous sod  
And sowing verbs—  
Pale livid bulbs  
With threads of thought still hanging.

They thrust upward,  
Their vulgar little noses  
Pushing, probing,  
Splitting the skin  
To reveal  
Mouths wide open in surprise.

But the grass is master of semantics,  
And of the pregnant pause.  
Delaying its grand entrance,  
It sends out little tongues,  
Moist, pointed,  
To interrogate the weather.

Grass is all eloquence—  
Pure sweet-talk,  
Even as we bruise it.